

One Night by PlusSizeReader

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Summary: Steve babysitting you when you get drunk and taking you home, making sure you are taken care of

One Night

Steve had never seen you drunk before.

Normally, when the two of you came to these little parties, you reserved yourself to hang out amongst the crowd, nursing the same warm beer all night long but that couldn't have been further from the case tonight.

Tonight, you had already taken down six shots of vodka, and last he checked, you were drinking some shitty spiked punch. It was hardly the level you were usually at by this point in the night but there was no telling you to cool it.

After the week you'd had with your boss giving you a hard time and your history grade plummeting even more, he was surprised you had even come out tonight. Though, it made all the sense in the world now.

From the looks of it, you could barely even remember your own name, let alone the shitty week you'd had leading up to this party.

He probably should have stopped you, or at the very least stepped in to keep you from getting sloppy drunk but you were having a good time. As long as Steve could keep an eye on you, it wasn't really that big of a deal.

There wasn't a ton of trouble you could get into by yourself anyway.

It was good for you to let loose every once in a while, even if you were going to be feeling it in the morning.

To be fair, Steve was no stranger to a good party himself, having earned the title of Keg King that he'd managed to uphold until recently. He liked to just let go and have a good time, but he decided to pump the brakes tonight.

Someone had to watch out for you, and in your current state, it was clear to him that you weren't going to do it. That meant that Steve was going to have to step up to the plate and be your d.d. for a

change.

Which he really didn't mind.

One night wasn't going to kill him.

He had stopped drinking almost as soon as you arrived, and he watched you down the first few shots of cheap vodka like a pro. It was impressive for you, and your usual disinterest in the whole party scene.

By the time you had to go home, the single beer he'd had tonight would be well out of his system and in the event that it wasn't, he would just walk you a couple blocks back to his parent's house.

In any case, Steve was going to make sure you got home okay.

It was the least he could do after he forced you out of bed to come out tonight when you would have much rather have spent your night curled up in your blankets, tuning out the rest of the world.

He'd hung out with you for a while before the overall vibe of the place seemed to clash with his own personal one, and he decided to just sit back for a while and let you do your thing.

You and everyone else in this place were on another level right now. It was best to just let you flutter through the crowd, dancing with people you'd hardly ever spoken to and eating miscellaneous chips and popcorn out of your hand like a dog.

It was by far the most carefree and relaxed you'd ever been, and while he currently wasn't capable of matching quite that much energy, he could enjoy it from where he was, sitting against the wall.

Right now, for example, Steve found you mixing what looked to be a juicebox with whatever was already in your cup, the ambiguity of which made him scrunch up his nose as he watched you sip from it.

It could have been anything.

Then, once he was content with the fact that you weren't going to do something insane in the next few seconds, he let himself scan the rest

of the partygoers, his sober state making it much more entertaining.

It was no wonder you didn't drink when you came to these things. These people looked like idiots, flailing around and making fools of themselves without a care in the world over it.

He never even noticed how stupid it was when he was among the crowd.

Just like he didn't notice when you wandered away from the snack table, abandoning your pretzels for the commotion in the backyard, where a pretty impressive keg stand was set up.

The hooting and hollering alone was more than enough to catch your attention over the music and in the state you were currently in, the usual indifference you felt for things like that had melted away and you couldn't wait to see what was happening.

It was innocent enough, but as soon as Steve tore his attention away from Tommy and Carol on the dance floor and realized you weren't where he'd left you, he panicked.

You were pretty cautious in nature and strayed away from the extreme in general, but when you got alcohol in you, that all basically went away.

He'd watched your resolve melt away almost entirely in the last few hours, and as far as Steve knew, you could have been anywhere, doing just about anything.

...and you were.

By the time Steve had made his way through the crowd inside the house out onto the patio, he found you pretty quickly, perched happily on the lap of Billy Hargrove.

Which was a problem.

Sober, you had made it perfectly clear to Steve just how much you couldn't stand the new guy, going on and on about how stupid his mullet was and how no man needed to wear Levis that tight all the time.

Though, right now, you didn't seem to mind because you were pretty enthusiastically huffing on the cigarette he held out to you, a huge grin on your face, even as you coughed at the smoke in your lungs.

Billy laughed, tucking the stick between his lips again as he held onto your wobbly frame, talking about whatever it was he thought you cared about, though Steve couldn't even begin to guess what it was.

The only thing he knew for sure was that he hated it, and if you weren't so out of it right now, you would have hated it too.

Which meant that it was probably time to get out of here. If you were going to start putting yourself into situations like this, it was time to go home.

"There you are" Steve started, catching your attention as soon as he spoke, as well as the attention of all the surrounding others.

All you did was grin when you caught his eye, leaning back just enough to reach out and take his hand in your own, without falling off your perch. Thankfully, Billy could hold his liquor well and wasn't about to drop you.

It was about the only thing Steve could be glad about where the other male was concerned.

"You gonna do a keg?" you hummed, swinging his hand in tandem with your own, thinking back to all those times you'd watched him get up on that keg and absolutely crush it. Of course, that would be the thing you could recall.

That was right there, in the forefront of your memory, but your hatred for Billy Hargrove just happened to go away completely.

Figures.

"I don't think so, I think we should get going" Steve allowed, turning his attention back to Billy as he tried to get you to stand up. You were having a great time, and didn't want to leave, but it would just be better if you did.

It was getting late anyway and you were already going to be having

an awful time in the morning as it was.

“I wanna stay, Billy was just going to go get more punch” you tried, only stumbling over your words slightly as you tried to get the words out the right way. Had Steve not known you so well, he may have even believed you were alright.

...but as soon as he started to consider that, he reminded himself where you currently were, straddling Billy’s lap.

That was more than enough proof that you’d had too much. Besides, the more time you spent with Billy’s heavy gaze on you, the more Steve’s own stomach was turning.

He had no right to look at you like that, ever.

“Yeah, we aren’t doing that. Why don’t we go find your shoes?” he prompted, noticing that on top of everything else, you must have taken off your shoes at some point during the night as well, because they were nowhere to be found.

“Well hold on buddy, I think if the girl wants to stay, she can stay” Billy interjected, that amused twinkle in his eye as he watched King Steve negotiate with you.

It wasn’t going to end well, because you could hardly even stand.

How did he think he was going to get you home?

“The girl has a name, and a history retest in the morning that she can’t be late for” Steve corrected, ignoring the antics of the other man as he did his best to get you to stand again, which you did after a moment more.

You were still plenty out of it but at least you were letting him take care of you.

The gaggle of teenage boys surrounding Billy all cackled as Steve did his best to get you to your feet, cracking jokes about how much he was babying you and the fact that you were both calling it a night but it didn’t matter to him.

All Steve cared about was getting you home in one piece so you could sleep this all off before tomorrow morning.

After this crazy week, the last thing you needed to top it off would be missing that meeting with your teacher tomorrow. You would beat yourself up for letting lose for once and letting you do that to yourself would make Steve a seriously bad friend.

Not to mention the fact that he really wanted you to do well. You worked hard, and studied like crazy, so if anyone deserved to pass that stupid class, it was you.

“Seriously Y/N, where did you leave your shoes?” he laughed, trying to think of the last time you had them on that he could recall. You had them on when you got here but other than that, it was hard to know when you slipped them off.

You could barely trust your wobbly legs as you moved but Steve knew better than to rely on your legs to carry you back to the car.

Between the liquor swirling around in your bloodstream and how tired you were after such a long week, it would have been ridiculous to just leave you to walk on your own.

“I don’t know”

You didn’t even remember taking them off, let alone where you may have put them in the first place. Thankfully, this wasn’t Steve’s first rodeo and if anyone was going to be able to find your shoes, it was him.

No one knew you better than him, after all. Even drunk, he couldn’t imagine that your brain functioned all too differently than it usually did.

...and he was right.

Right there by the door, right where he knew he’d find them, sat your shoes. Miraculously, they had been almost entirely left alone in the chaos of the houseparty surrounding you all. If nothing else, it was a win he was willing to take.

You were doing your best, but after all the partying you'd been doing, you couldn't even stand still. You were swaying, back and forth, like you were a boat on the ocean, and you didn't even seem to notice.

By the time Steve turned toward you with your sneakers in hand, you were done. You just needed to get some rest, and you were in luck because that was his specialty.

"Alright bub, let's get you home" he laughed, all but scooping you off of your feet as he helped you out to the car.

It wasn't too late, and Steve just hoped that if you got to sleep it off for a few hours, you would be up and ready to go in the morning.

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You did pretty well in the car, all things considered.

At the very least, you did better than he did after a night of drinking far too much. The most he had to do was lock the window once you had it down as far as you wanted so that you'd leave it alone.

Compared to the amount of times he'd puked in your car, it was a cakewalk.

You were okay, but when Steve actually took a second to think about it, he knew that taking you home wasn't the best idea. You may have held your liquor a bit better than he did, but there was no debating the fact that you were drunk.

If your mom saw you like that, neither of you would ever hear the end of it, so there was only one other option.

Steve had to take you to his place.

It would be much easier to explain to your parents that you decided to stay at his house with him while his parents were out of town than it would be to explain that you had too much to drink at a party with him.

That wasn't going to go over well.

You had been to Steve's house plenty of times, for parties like the one you attended tonight, and just to hang out when you didn't have anything else to do. It wasn't a super odd occurrence but something felt off about it today.

It was different.

You were in a really vulnerable position right now, relying on him for almost everything, including putting on your shoes and it was a lot of pressure. Still, Steve knew that he was up for the task.

You were his best friend, after all, and if there was anyone in the world that he could take care of for the night, it was you.

How hard could it be?

Hard.

The answer was hard.

As soon as Steve got you into the house, you took to jumping on his bed, without a care in the world. You thought that it was hilarious, giggling like you had just uncovered one of the greatest things in your life, but it wasn't going to last forever.

Given all the different things swirling around in your stomach, he couldn't imagine that you would be feeling too hot pretty soon.

It was just a matter of time before all the punch and liquor found a way to make you sick, and he wasn't really itching to have to clean that up, especially if you puked all over his sheets.

"Time to get down, you're gonna make yourself sick" he tutted, offering you a hand which you made the ultimate decision to ignore. Right now, you were on top of the world and even if you did crash soon and get sick, it would all be worth it.

You felt like you were flying.

"Have you ever tried this? Why don't we do this more often" you gushed, the springs of his mattress squeaking profusely as you landed on them, only to spring back up into the air, a huge grin on your

face.

It did look like fun.

Steve was sure that in your current state, jumping on the bed would seem like a good idea, but you were going to get hurt if you didn't cool it.

Just as Steve was going to once again ask you to get down before something bad happened, your entire demeanor changed. You sort of deflated as you let yourself fall down onto his bed, your butt making full contact with the mattress before you stood.

There it was.

As soon as you went rushing out of the room, Steve knew what had happened. All that hopping around had really shaken up the already volatile contents of your stomach.

He followed you to the bathroom, and immediately went to work getting you some water from the faucet and soaking a cloth for your forehead. He knew this was going to happen, but it was still a lot to handle at once.

He was really starting to gain a new appreciation for you, and all those times you'd helped him clean vomit up off of himself after a long night.

"You okay?" he hummed, rubbing your back in a couple circles as you stood from where you had been kneeling on the bathroom floor. You looked like you felt terrible, but there was a wash of relief over you as well.

You had been holding that all in your body all this time and now that it was gone, you felt a little bit better.

"Yeah, just tired" you shrugged, smiling at Steve as he ran the cold cloth against the skin of your face, which served to ease a little bit of the nauseous feeling you had just been dealing with.

It was definitely time to just call it, you needed to go to bed.

You had something to do in the morning, after all.